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THE BYSTANDER
August 28 1940

The BYSTANDER

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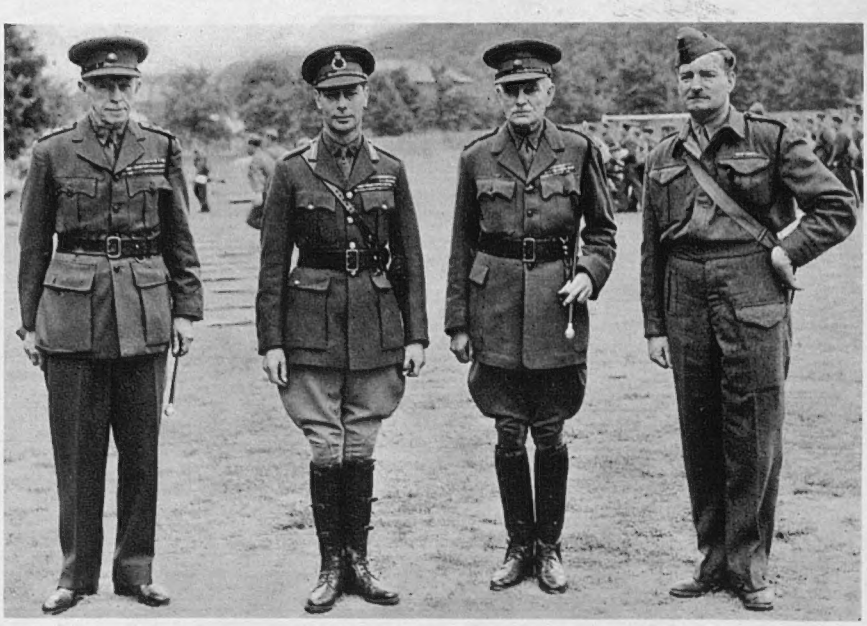
The Bystander

America Helps Hold the Baby

Viscountess Astor, M.P., went with members of the American Red Cross one day last week to a London refugee centre to which the A.R.C. have contributed a considerable amount of equipment, including layettes. Here is Mr. David Bruce, the American delegate to the American Red Cross Committee in Great Britain, holding one of the babies that have been taken to the centre because their homes were destroyed or damaged in air raids. Mr. Bruce has been over here since he arrived as the Washington's sole passenger a month or two ago. Up to the beginning of this month the American Red Cross had sent over funds and supplies for civil relief amounting to about £665,000, and 100 ambulances, with 50 more ambulances to follow

The King with the Guards . . . . *Among officers of the Brigade whom the King met during a visit last week to a Guards' Depot in the Southern area was 2nd Lieut. Fellowes, of the Scots Guards, who is H.M.'s agent on the Sandringham Estate. During the visit the King experimented with sighting a Bren gun*



With Calais Heroes. . . . *Of a battalion which took part in the heroic defence of Calais during the Battle of France only one officer, two N.C.O.s and seven men escaped. Nevertheless, within a month the battalion was re-formed and up to strength. Recently it was inspected by the King, who was accompanied by Major-General Sir John Davidson and Major-General Sir Hereward Wake. With the royal party in this picture is Lieut.-Col. G. W. E. J. Erskine, O.C. the battalion*

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

WE have heard a good deal in the last few years about the Old School Tie, but I don't think that there has ever been a meeting of two old college chums to compare in importance with the meeting the other day at Ogdensberg, in the State of New York, between the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Canada. Within an hour or two these old friends agreed upon a policy which is an epic departure from the traditions of the United States and the British Empire.

FOR the first time for a hundred and twenty years, the whole of the Western Hemisphere is covered by the Monroe Doctrine. The defence of Canada at last becomes part of the defence of the United States. And for the first time in the history of the Empire, a neutral country has offered to help in the defence of part of the Empire. For at least two generations the United States and Canada have given many fine examples of how two neighbouring nations ought to co-operate in peacetime. Now they are extending this co-operation to its logical conclusion.

THE next step in the defence of the Western Hemisphere must obviously be the establishment of United States bases in the West Indies to cover the Panama Canal. At present the Americans have a base at Havana, which is almost a thousand miles away. Jamaica is 400 miles nearer. And Trinidad is only 500 miles from the immensely important island of Curacao. Strategically, the British Islands from Bahama to Trinidad form a complete protection to the Panama Canal, and strategically there is a pretty close connection between Panama and Hawaii and Singapore.

BUT, when all is said and done, it is lamentable that President Roosevelt and Mr. Wendell Willkie should be concentrating with such resolution upon a fine, wise, long-term policy of defence, not only for the United States but also for Democracy itself, and should be so blindly shutting their eyes to the immediate short-term problem—which is, of course, the matter of the American destroyers. Not all the nice pacts in the world will be of the slightest use to America or to Canada if the British Fleet does not maintain its supremacy in the Atlantic.

IN his speech last week, Mr. Churchill made one casual remark which is of considerable importance. In speaking of the possible moves which Hitler might make, he said that he was certain that Hitler would continue his air onslaught so long as he has the strength to do so and "as long as any preoccupations he may have in respect of the Russian Air Force allow him to do so." This is an angle which is too often neglected by our professional pessimists. Obviously Hitler cannot afford to risk his full air strength against us, or anything like his full strength. His new friend in the East has a very large air force, too, and he is one of those friends that need careful watching.

THE death of Trotsky removes one of the most famous figures of contemporary history. Whatever may be thought of his political ideas, or of his moral character, or of the results to which he made so powerful a contribution, no one can deny that he was a brilliant organiser of war. His defence of Soviet Russia, when it was threatened by Kolchak from the East, by Denikin from the South, by Yudenich from Estonia, by the British from Murmansk, and by various bandit leaders in East Poland and the Ukraine, will always remain as one of the classics of energy, organisation and will-power. It was

(Concluded on page 260)

With schoolboy harvesters. *Public and secondary schoolboys who might in normal times be spending part of their summer holidays at the camp which the King instituted as Duke of York are this year going to it on the farms of England. Some of them at two Dorset farms were recently visited by the King, who joined them in a toast (in beer) to a speedy victory. "You have got hard work to do in the fields," he said. "It's harder than games"*

***Minister** at the Court of St. James of the King of All the Hellenes, H.E. M. Charalambos Simopoulos, came to London from Washington six years ago*

"***Diplomats** must always appear to tell the truth," according to Mme. Simopoulos. Her husband is suitably non-committal. Behind them are pictures of their son John, now evacuated to the country*

The "Bystander" visits

The Greek Legation

***Staff** of the Legation line up with the Minister beneath a portrait of King George of Greece. They are (l. to r.) Captain S. Matessis (Naval Attaché), D. Lambros (First Secretary), J. Romanos (Counsellor), H.E. the Minister, M. Ph. Cosmetatos (First Secretary), and Philp Argenti, M.B.E. (Honorary Attaché)*

One of the Allies in the last war, Greece is among the countries accorded a British guarantee of independence by Mr. Chamberlain last year. Her strategic position is of great importance to Britain and also to Turkey, and it is most probable that Italy's sudden interest in the welfare of Albanians is connected rather with this fact than with any real concern for the nation so shamelessly taken "under Fascist protection" at Easter 1939. Greece has herself since 1936, had a dictatorial form of government, under General John Metaxas. In Britain, which last week made it clear that any threat from Italy would be opposed by our Navy and Air Force, Greece has for the past six years been represented by M. Charalambos Simopoulos, who is married to an Englishwoman

Haddock in Uniform: *Petty-Officer A. P. Herbert, M.P., who was among the uniformed members of the Prime Minister's audience last week, fought on land at Gallipoli and in France with the Royal Naval Division in the last war. This war he has been able to put his enthusiasm for and knowledge of London's river to good purpose as a member of the River Guard*

Ex-Ambassador M.P. *Returned unopposed as Member for Mitcham, Sir Malcolm Robertson was introduced into the House by Captain Margesson and Miss Thelma Cazalet (left), the first time a woman has performed that office. Sir Malcolm, who retired from the Diplomatic Service ten years ago and is now Chairman of Spillers, the milling combine, is a former British Ambassador in Buenos Aires. Lady Robertson, who is American-born, is on the right*

Ex-Minister: *Major Walter Elliot, P.C., M.C., M.P., went to the House to hear the Prime Minister's inspiring review of the war situation last week. Major Elliot won the M.C. and bar as a medical officer attached to the Scots Greys in the last war. He has held several Government posts since entering Parliament in 1918, and was Minister of Health in Mr. Chamberlain's administration*

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 258)

Trotsky who held the field while Lenin consolidated the Revolution.

PRIVATE motor-cars are now forbidden to camouflage themselves to look like Service vehicles. At the same time, the Ministry of Transport says that private cars *may* be camouflaged, and that scarlet lorries which carry petrol *ought* to be camouflaged. But Sir John Reith will give no help in explaining what sort of camouflage is effective without looking like the military article. Sir John Reith entered the famous Department of Understatement when he said that there is some confusion in the matter.

TROOPS on duty are exempt from paying tolls on any road or bridge where the tolls are laid down by Act of Parliament. But where the tolls are private, then they have to pay. So we have the astounding situation that troops who are actually engaged on the duty of getting ready to repel an invasion must pay so much per head to certain landowners for the privilege of crossing their land. A few days ago a member of the Home Guard on duty was fined ten shillings, with the option of seven days in the sneezer, for travelling on a toll-road at Cardiff. It is a fantastic state of affairs, and the time may come when the landowners will be asked to explain their theory of patriotism.

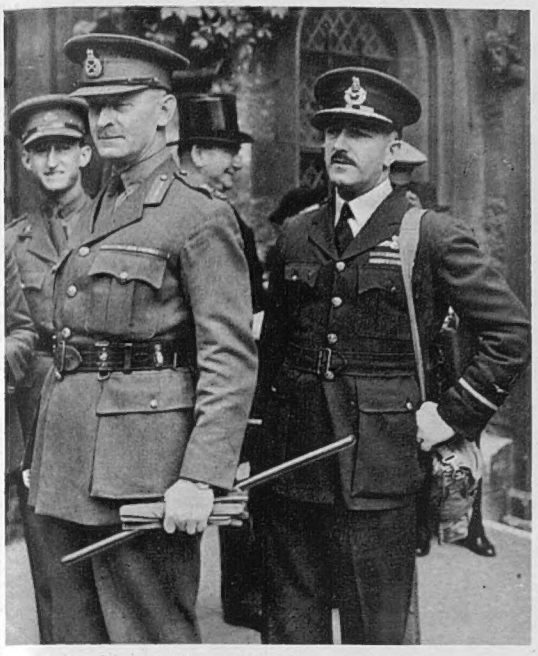
THE slight bicker which took place in the House of Commons the other day between the Prime Minister and Mr. Austin Hopkinson was unfortunate, but was quickly forgotten. But the fundamental cause of the bicker has been by no means forgotten. There is something exceedingly fishy about the Swinton Committee for investigating Fifth Column activity. The Committee consists of Lord Swinton himself, a right-wing Tory with big business connections and a somewhat unfortunate record at the Air Ministry; Sir Joseph Ball, formerly of Conservative headquarters, with a somewhat unfortunate record at the Film Department at the Ministry of Information; Mr. W. C. Crocker, a redoubtable and famous solicitor with right-wing Tory opinions; and Mr. Wall, a worthy Trades Unionist. At the mere suggestion that a Liberal might be added to the Committee, and the mildest hint that the salaries of Sir Joseph Ball and Mr. Crocker should be made public, the roof of the House of Commons almost blew off.

I WONDER how Captain Cunningham-Reid is getting on in Honolulu with his urgent task of evacuating children from Britain to America, and when he is coming back. I wonder how Mr. Noel Coward's "Goodwill Embassy" is going on, and when he is coming back. And, almost more, I wish that I knew the full story of the Ministry of Information's Canadian film, and the part which is being played in it by Miss Elisabeth Bergner, and when Miss Bergner is coming back to make the interior shots in the film.

I HAPPENED to be passing through a Surrey village last week-end. It was a glorious evening and a cricket match was in progress on the village green, where cricket has been played for certain, anyway, since the second half of the eighteenth century. After the match was over, both teams and the spectators drifted down to the little pub for their pint of beer and their inevitable discussion on the finer points of the match. Beside the pub is an enormous and famous oak-tree and beside the oak-tree there is a little cottage in which a famous cricketer of the eighteen-fifties used to live, and beyond the cottage there were pill-boxes and tank-traps and barbed-wire entanglements and road-blocks. It was a strange contrast.

A FORTNIGHT ago I said in these pages that I felt rather strongly that historical souvenirs, like the signal gun from the "Victory," ought not to be melted down as scrap. Now I hear that the gun is to be saved and is being returned to the "Victory" at Portsmouth. The demolition of the gun had actually started, but the King himself heard about it, and the moment the King took a hand, the Ministry of Supply wrote that on no account should it be scrapped. Last week also, the Ministry of Supply stopped the sale for scrap by the Weymouth Town Council of guns from the frigate "Bellerophon," the ship to which Napoleon surrendered after Waterloo. The old war-trophies along the river frontage and Tower Walk inside the Tower of London have also been earmarked for the furnaces, but they will be retained until the last possible moment. Some of them date back to the sixteenth century. It seems insanity to destroy these historic treasures while the monstrous iron railings still guard the deserted squares of fashionable London. And so long as we keep half-a-dozen lamp-posts for certain politicians and certain officials for use after the war, I don't see why London's lamp-posts shouldn't also go for scrap.

I WENT to see the exhibition of photographs which the British Council is sending out to the University of Coimbra, in Portugal, and a very fine collection it was. It consisted of photographs of British schools and universities, dating from the oldest Oxford Colleges down to the very latest thing in modern schools. The British Council is extremely busy these days. One of its latest activities is the production of a News Sheet for the French troops in this country. The Council hopes soon to be able to expand the News Sheet into a proper newspaper.



Australian *soldier and airman at the Westminster Memorial Service for the Commonwealth Ministers and soldiers killed in the Canberra air disaster were Major-General J. D. Wynter and Air Commodore F. H. McNamara, V.C. The former is G.O.C. Australian Imperial Forces in the United Kingdom. The latter is a liaison officer at Australia House*

Americans *who heard Mr. Churchill's big speech in the House of Commons last week were Captain Kirke, Naval Attaché at the Embassy, Major-General Delos C. Emmons, the Ambassador, Brigadier-General George V. Strong, Rear-Admiral Robert L. Ghormley, and Colonel Lee, Military Attaché at the Embassy. Admiral Ghormley, Assistant Chief of Naval Operations, General Emmons, Commander of the Air Force G.H.Q., and General Strong, Assistant Chief of Staff in charge of the War Plans Division, had arrived two or three days before in this country as observers of the war situation for Mr. Roosevelt and his Government*

Overseas Link-Up

Son *of a former Governor-General of Canada, Captain Lord Tweedsmuir, Foot Guards, is on the H.Q. Staff of the Canadian Seventh Corps. With him on the seat are Major R. H. L. Webb, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and Major W. A. J. Anglin, R.C.A. Lord Tweedsmuir, who succeeded when his father died in February, was in the Hudson Bay Company's Service before the war*

A Canadian *Mayor of Windsor and a British Mayor of Windsor met when Private David Croll had a day of leave and visited Councillor Norman Butler. The Ontario Mayor, who has come over with the Essex Scottish Regiment, was officially welcomed by the Buckinghamshire Mayor, given a civic luncheon, taken over Windsor Castle by permission of the King, and given a trip on the Thames*

Son *of a former Governor-General of Canada, Lieut. Viscount Duncannon (right) is now A.D.C. to a Canadian soldier, Lieut.-Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton. With him is Captain Philip Seagram, another A.D.C. Lord Duncannon's father, the Earl of Bessborough, held office in Canada immediately before the late Lord Tweedsmuir*

Defence of Britain

Airmen and Home Guards Who Beat the Bombers

***Rifle-fire** from this detachment of the Home Guard South of London brought down the Dornier bomber below. It swooped down to machine-gun them, but got instead 180 rounds of accurate fire. And so the Home Guard claimed its first victory*

"NEVER in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few." With that inspiring tribute the Prime Minister summed-up the feeling of the country, which may live in uncertainty as to the direction and force of the enemy's next thrust, but has no fear of it and knows that while our pilots rule the skies above us there is no cause for fear. And in spite of our inevitable losses in these gigantic struggles, the Air Minister was able to announce last week such a speed-up of production that our fighter strength is greater than it ever was. Meanwhile there are more than a thousand German aircraft which will never fly again, a score which Sir Archibald Sinclair was able to prove beyond any shadow of doubt is not only unexaggerated, but actually represents only gains that were absolutely certain, cases where the enemy was seen to crash or break up in the air, disregarding many probable victories. Behind the pilots stand other defenders, the anti-aircraft, searchlight and balloon-barrage units, all playing their vital part. And England's newest force, the Home Guard, has already proved itself with the destruction by rifle-fire of a Dornier

***Two** was the personal score of this pilot out of 180 raiders brought down on the day the London area was first attacked. On landing he reports to the tinhatted Intelligence Officer, who checks and sends on to the Fighter Command his squadron's score*

***Allies** are making a big contribution to our formidable total of German aircraft shot down over Britain. Of these two Poles, the sergeant-pilot had shot one and the flying officer two raiders down in one day*

***"Skipper"** of an R.A.F. squadron, having added two to his bag of enemy aircraft, lands for a cup of tea between battles. He is one of the pilots who have broadcast accounts of their victories. The New Zealander with him had just had to "bail out" after bringing down his eighth enemy*

***"Landscape** plotted and pieced—fold, fallow and plough," the earth they so nobly defend spreads out beneath the view of the "Spitfire" and "Hurricane" pilots as they climb to the encounter. And the only scar of German onslaught they will allow this earth to feel is the tattered wreckage of a bomber like that on the opposite page*

Theatrical Christening: Stage Writers' Son

Richard Morgan Derry Barbour, son of Robert MacDermot Barbour and Diana Morgan, was christened at All Souls', Langham Place, and has actress Lilian Braithwaite as his godmother (holding him here). His Irish father works for the B.B.C., and collaborates with his wife in writing revue sketches. Diana Morgan is Welsh, and known both as an actress and dramatic author

Four Events

A Party, A Wedding, Two Christenings

Theatrical Christening: an Adopted Son

The adopted son of test-pilot Charles Hughesdon and actress Florence Desmond was christened, Michael Charles at St. James's, Spanish Place. He is a fair-haired blue-eyed boy of eleven months. With Miss Desmond and her husband are (right) Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, the variety stars

Cocktail Conversation: Peer and Actress

Lord Selsdon talked to actress Anne Firth at the opening of the new cocktail bar at the Grosvenor Hotel. He is the son of the first Baron, the former Sir Mitchell Thomson, who died in 1938. She made her name in "Bonnet Over the Windmill"

Exposition: Airman's Daughter and Camouflager

June Willock, daughter of Air Vice-Marshal Willock, listened attentively to R. Lonsdale Hands, camouflage expert, at the Grosvenor Bar opening. Feature of the bar is its barman, J. Clifford Harrison, a veteran of the Yukon gold rush, who ran a hotel in Dawson City for gold rushers

Theatrical Wedding: Producer and Actress

André van Gyseghem, the actor and producer, married Jean Forbes-Robertson at Caxton Hall Register Office. She is the daughter of the late Sir Johnson Forbes-Robertson, and his actress wife, Gertrude Elliott, was formerly married to James Hamilton. She has been playing Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Open Air Theatre, which ended its run last Saturday

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"The Body Was Well Nourished" (Lyric)

HERE, for a start, is a body in a piano. Why in a piano? How in a piano? That would be hard to say, but bodies must be put somewhere, and in a new comedy-thriller it is up to the authors (in this case Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat) to find a new place to put them in. Imagine the thrill when some of the notes won't play. The body is the body of one of the secretaries of Sir Gregory Upshott. With the body of another of his secretaries he has gone to Newcliffe for a gay week-end before departing for the Balkans as emissary from his Majesty's Government. A queer fellow for his Majesty's Government to send, you may well think when you see him. The Balkans will surely rub their eyes and England will not rocket in their esteem. Yet he seems to be valuable enough for Germans to devise wirelesses with time-bombs in them for his taking-off. It is the mission of Barry K. Barnes and Diana Churchill to find the whereabouts of the bomb before it is too late to find anything but bits of the body of Sir Gregory Upshott.

DIANA CHURCHILL is affianced to a wireless announcer played by Anthony Shaw. Wireless announcers, we gather, are not all domestically perfect—another blow for the old country. When, for example, they find their girls rolling on the sofa with demonstrators of vacuum cleaners, they are so wrongly suspicious that they rightly get their faces slapped. Miss Churchill slaps Mr. Shaw's face hard, but I thought she ought to have slapped the face of Mr. Barnes even harder. For a more impudent, garrulous and dislikeable vendor of vacuum cleaners never got his foot inside a front door. Miss Churchill, however, takes to him more and more as the evening wears on, and by the end of it they are being ever so friendly while listening to the voice of the wireless announcer reading a poem at 11.55, which seems to me not quite good form. The waves of it must get back to him, for in the middle of the poem he breaks down, says he can't go on, addresses Miss Churchill over the air, and says he has done with her for ever. I 'll bet everybody got down to Broadcasting House early next morning.

ALTOGETHER this play is on the silly side, and the players have a hard time, for the characters are psychologically jerry-built. Mr. Barnes never babbles his way into our hearts and Miss Churchill is too restless, sliding and shouting about and tossing her extremely attractive but rather too disturbing mane. Malcolm Keen makes, once again, a smooth villain, but it is the minor parts that are most effectively played—Joss Ambler as Sir Gregory Upshott, Eileen Dale as his week-end victim, George Cross as another visitor to the Newcross Inn, Vincent Holman as the landlord, and Pauline Winter as his daughter. These thumbnail sketches help to liven the last act. Jack Buchanan presents the play and leads off the pictures in the programme.

Upstage and B.B.C.: Reginald Willoughby Pratt, a disapproving fiancé (Anthony Shaw)

How to receive a vacuum-cleaner salesman in Golder's Green: William Blake (Barry K. Barnes) and Ann Vincent (Diana Churchill)

With the bomb in the bag: Hawkins, a wolf in sheep's clothing (Malcolm Keen)

Sketches by Rouson

Politician on holiday: Sir Gregory Upshott (Joss Ambler)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WHILE spinster addicts of the Press are eagerly thinking up designs and decorations for the Home Guard Tie—tiny watchdogs and miniature Capitol geese are tops so far—certain Members of Parliament have our sartorial welfare at heart as well, with a murrain on their gooseberry eyes. Following recent questions in the House, the War Office is forbidding retired officers of field rank to carry out Home Guard duties in their old uniforms. The Left Wing boys have been making such an issue of this that you got a confused but sinister impression of gaudy bashi-bazouks prancing round the countryside cutting at the populace with hunting-crops, demanding the *droit du seigneur* over the women, filling every village police-station with innocent victims of the *lettre de cachet*, and trampling roughshod over a distraught peasantry. A more class-conscious piece of flafla—the Home Guard itself took no part in the discussion and was not consulted—we 've rarely encountered ; the position being, if our own rural area is any criterion, that (say) 40 per cent. of the armed hayseeds of the Crown are deathly indifferent and the other 60 per cent., the old soldiers, vastly prefer an officer in military uniform to an officer in any other costume.

It 's surprising to find the War Office giving in so meekly over a matter involving a force which is now part of the Army, especially as the outcry came evidently from the type of citizen who derives his knowledge of retired generals from the drearier comic papers.

Enigma

WE trust the P.E.N. Club is holding a mild gaudy this month to celebrate the tercentenary of Britain's First Booksy Girl, Mrs. Aphra Behn (1640-80). La Behn, *née* Johnson, daughter of a Kentish barber, was something of an engaging hussy, over and above being the first British girl to earn an inky fortune. After spending her childhood in Surinam Miss Johnson entered the Secret Service and got a big scoop in the Netherlands, owing to her considerable charms ; namely, the advance news of De Witt's plan to sail his ships of war up the Thames. One need hardly add that Whitehall, running true to form, turned the poor girl's report down flat. Somewhat piqued, Miss Johnson married a Dutch merchant named Behn, turned to the booksy racket, and produced a plethora of plays and novels, all considered rather daring in Charles II.'s time, and re-edited a few years ago by Mr. Montague Summers. They buried her in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, which is more than happens to most inky sweethearts. Maybe Mrs. Behn's introduction into this country of the agreeable drink known as milk-punch, one of Mr. Pickwick's favourite gargles, had something to do with it. Or maybe every British booksy girl with charm, vivacity, and good looks is automatically buried in Poets' Corner.

The great enigma about La Behn, to us, is that although she never lacked lovers, apparently, she also turned out an immense mass of literary work, and we can't imagine in the first place which was her spare-time hobby. (It isn't as if the girl had been a Bloomsbury Communist, vowed grimly to plunge into affair after affair as a matter of routine, for the sake of the Cause.) More puzzling still is La Behn's evident zest for plunging pen into ink, though she never really needed the money. As Frank Sullivan said in amazement about Marcel Proust, who was pretty well off, why the hell ? Galsworthy is another obvious case. He never had to write, yet he wrote and wrote and wrote. Why the hell ?

"Eh?"

"Dream boy! Will you never grow up?"

Shock

SINCERE admiration—in which we detected a note of faint astonishment—at the shapely charm of most of the children of Oxford dons evacuated recently to Yale has been expressed in American academic circles, and very gratifying it must be to the dons concerned, many of whom, probably, can hardly believe it themselves. Nor, perhaps, can Mr. Beerbohm, whose graceful melancholy inspired the remark some time ago that by the mysterious decrees of Providence Oxford dons seem precluded from either marrying or begetting beauty. Mr. Belloc's kindly suggestion, some time before, that the reason so many Oxford dons hop and giggle and stammer and squint and goggle and gibber is that they are victims of spiritual pride must also have brought home to many who have never seen a don at close quarters the fact that the standard of male beauty in those Academic Groves in the 'nineties was extremely low. And, indeed, even to-day strange hairy ape-like figures may be seen wambling down the High, their hands brushing the ground, their mouths moving, their eyes aglow with learning of a sort, their boots, blunt-nosed and turned slightly inwards, whacking the sacred pavements with imperious and petulant force.

The gratified astonishment of Yale is not exclusive to that foundation ; and we guess that in the vast open spaces of the Yale Club in New York the cheery lunchtime clamour is stilled for once and even the Rugger men look at each other across the tables with a wild surmise.

Idea

"THE English do not put dead dogs into water-supplies," remarked a critical chap in one of the saner weeklies the other day, referring to certain aspects of that unofficial Home Guard training centre at Osterley which is being run to a large extent by ex-members of the late

International Brigade from Spain. This establishment has been largely boosted by some of the more vivacious Press boys, an ex-Ambassador has been photographed there in the act of crawling round in battle-dress on hands and knees, and other Press photographs of chaps stalking and knifing sentries from behind and severing oncoming motor-cyclists' heads by stretching taut wires neck-high across the road demonstrate that the kind of fighting taught to Home Guard pupils at Osterley by their Red or pink instructors is mostly informal. Maybe poisoning the Nazis' water-supplies, if need be, with dead dogs is good warfare of a roughneck kind; if it seems to us like pushing a single artistic principle to the verge of affectation, as Sidney Colvin said of Whistler's painting, it 's probably because we 've been brought up to consider such an act revolting (Yah! *Fascist!*), uncivilised, and offensive to the standards by which a just war should be waged. In a word, if you will forgive these medieval fantasies, we feel there is a definite ethic of warfare situate somewhere midway between kid-glove methods and those of the Yahoo—between, say, the old Gentlemen-of-the-French-Guard-fire-first or Fontenoy formula and setting poison-traps, which involves no great feats of courage, endurance, or tenacity.

We doubt if the average Englishman would stand for the poison business either. In our rural area (again) anybody seriously suggesting it would get a kick in the pants toot sweet, and if there 's a Home Guard section composed of tougher hayseeds than ours we 'd like to see it.

Model

PURRING with discreet satisfaction, Auntie *Times* gave herself a well-merited approving pat on the bustle the other day when the New York *Herald Tribune* reproduced one of the principal *Times'* news pages in which the war was put in its place with more than Auntie's usual genteel calm. "'The Thunderer' of London Makes No Concession to Armageddon Oversea," roared the *Herald Tribune* in awe and admiration, and it 's excellent pro-British propaganda, in its way. The rest of Fleet Street, broadly speaking, tends more and more at intervals to beat its own record in the last war, when Mr. Wells amiably described it as "chattering like a shipload of monkeys." But Auntie *Times* remains an English gentlewoman, pursuing her cool, even way, disdaining all hysteria, and conceding now and again, in a staid, six-line paragraph at the bottom of a page, that China has been swept away by a tidal-wave or that the Dionne Quins have accepted the American Crown. Even for that brief phantasmagoric period when Lord Northcliffe controlled her destinies the old trout never went haywire. You remember the Beerbohm cartoon on this topic called *Evenings in Printing House Square*, showing the great man writhing at his desk in the grip of the Demon Sensationalism and shouting wildly for help from three distraught old gentlemen rushing in with waving beards? It summed up the situation with the customary Beerbohm genius.

And if we ever seem to you to be of opinion, at times, that Auntie is a pompous old haybag booming platitude through three thicknesses of best Witney blanket, may we insist once more that we also admire the old besom tremendously in many ways—especially at the present time, when certain of the more ignorant and irresponsible Press boys, not to put too fine a point upon it, are a shrieking nuisance and a ruddy pest? We get nothing out of this testimonial, not even a copper from Mr. D*ws*n as we bring our broom hopefully to the "present" and touch our ragged cap.

Ordeal

RESTING from their labours after producing a worthy successor to that "tick-tock" signal, the B.B.C. boys in Bristol and Manchester are now protesting against being ordered to break programme and take cover in their dugouts every time the sirens blow. Their argument, so far as we can follow it, and God knows we follow any B.B.C. argument till it flies away, seems to be that (1) to deprive the Island Race of a bit of programme in any circumstances is fantastic cruelty; and (2) to run to cover is ignoble and unworthy of the old B.B.C. fighting spirit. This latter feeling is common not only to the boys who actually carry out the programmes but to those vast humbler hordes in the B.B.C. support line—for example, those 100 or so worker-bees who carry the burden of producing that 30-page news summary.

We seem to remember that a Very High-Up announced some time ago that Never, Under Any Circumstances Whatsoever, would B.B.C. programmes be interrupted or the Old Flag struck. Possibly, like Goering when he announced—also some time ago—that no enemy bomber would ever fly over Germany, the V.H.-U. was speaking figuratively or in a Platonic sense, or maybe he 'd been asked by some girl to supply a few words to set to music. Anyhow, programmes *are* being interrupted. Not so the long dull murmur or mumbling of public resentment which is the background of the B.B.C. boys' lives and disturbs them no more than the never-ceasing murmur of Ocean disturbs the fishermen of Morbihan or Maine or the laughing Cyclades; nay rather, which soothes the boys and rocks them gently in their dreams, as many have told us, never ceasing night or day.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I suppose it's all right, with those spots?"

Films of the Day

Adaptations : Roberts, Wallace, and Poor Shakespeare

By George Campbell

DURING the Seven Years War, when both British and French used Redskins in North America, the most appalling raids on British settlements came from the Indian village of St. Francis, away up on the St. Lawrence. It was there that the savages took prisoners for torturing, and hundreds of scalps to decorate lodge poles.

At last the British decided to wipe them out—and when I say wipe them out, I mean that literally. It was a war of extermination. Only one body of men stood the slightest chance of getting to St. Francis past French gunboats and Indian warriors. To travel hundreds of miles back, with infuriated red and white foes on their heels, was a more desperate business still. The job was given to Rogers' Rangers. How they accomplished it, at the cost of three-quarters of the expedition, was brilliantly told by Kenneth Roberts in *Northwest Passage*. Now the story has been filmed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with Spencer Tracy as Major Robert Rogers, and Robert Young as the artist and map-maker, Langdon Towne.

Perhaps it is a mistake to read a book—some would say it is a mistake to read any book—before seeing a film. *Northwest Passage* was probably the finest story of adventure ever written—and I don't exclude Xenophon, Scott, or Alexandre Dumas. By sheer creative genius he turned what might easily have been just another Western into an epic. His characters live and breathe, drink, fight and die before your eyes; the Rangers' dash, by boat and on foot through swamp and forest, is described with such a flow of exciting detail that you read on with a feeling of perils, fatigue and starvation painfully shared.

THE film is concerned only with the first part of the book. It ends with the return of the Rangers—or what was left of them after some had died of starvation and some of drowning and the Indians had played football with the heads of others. But even so, a great deal of Mr. Roberts' amazingly effective characterisation has gone. Unavoidable, of course, but a great pity. The Sergeant McNutt of the book was a brilliant piece of portraiture—to my mind, far more vivid, more real and more likeable than anything in this line by Kipling. The McNutt of the film is just one of a crowd, forgotten in five minutes. Langdon Towne and the wounded Captain befriended by wild Jenny Coit have been telescoped into a single character, and not a very interesting one. Once he has been shot in the tummy or thereabouts, he does nothing but limp stiff-legged into camp, with the faithful Jenny and Billy the Indian boy beside him. The story loses a great deal, too, through the omission of a mass of detail that established, as nothing else could, the otherwise incredible toughness and heroism of the Rangers.

Nevertheless, it is a notable film—vivid, exciting, and ruthlessly honest. There has been no attempt to prettify one of the savagest chapters in our military history. The Ranger who breaks his leg sits down to wait for the Indians and death nonchalantly chewing. Rogers offers him another plug of tobacco, but he calmly declines. "No, thanks, Major, I don't reckon I 'll need that much." His comrades offer to carry Towne, but his friend the Major forbids it. A Ranger must keep up with his comrades, thirty, forty, or fifty miles a day through the wilderness, on a handful of dried corn, or stay behind and die. And the massacre at St. Francis—this must be the first time in the history of the screen that white troops have been shown rounding up natives and slaughtering them out of hand. Yet—and this is a tribute to the honesty of the film—you realise that Rogers had no other course, and the Indians richly deserved their fate.

King Vidor's direction is superb, and the acting, when the players get a chance, could hardly be better. Dominating everyone, of course, is Spencer Tracy's Robert Rogers. He does not reveal one side of the man's character—the grossness and sensuality that emerge in the second half of the book describing his adventures in London and the years he lay in the Fleet Prison, sodden with drink. Whether Mr. Tracy is capable of suggesting this we shall not know until we get the sequel. Meanwhile, let 's be grateful for a magnificent, dynamic performance.

"THE CASE OF THE FRIGHTENED LADY" is another proof that it is best not to know what 's coming. If you saw the play, and the first film version, with Emlyn Williams as the mad Lord Lebanon, your enjoyment of the Edgar Wallace thriller may be mitigated by a lively recollection of frenzies to come. If you did not, you will find the story eerie and mysterious enough, and the acting good enough, to fill an hour and a half without boredom. Marius Goring plays neurotics brilliantly, Helen Haye makes a dominating figure of Lady Lebanon, Penelope Dudley Ward is the pretty little screamer by night, and George Merritt gives us another of his Scotland Yard inspectors, stolid but shrewd.

"THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE" is adapted from a play that had a great success on Broadway. Why, I can't imagine. Shakespeare used the plot, old in his time, in *A Comedy of Errors*, which bores even the Old Vic addicts nowadays; and I see no reason to believe that Hollywood is likely to succeed where Shakespeare failed.

A picture from "Northwest Passage" appeared in last week's BYSTANDER.

Dowager and Secretary

Architect and Peer

Insanity and aristocracy were lavishly mixed by Edgar Wallace in "The Case of the Frightened Lady," which, first a book and then a play, has now for the second time become a film. In this version, directed by George King, Marius Goring, famous as a B.B.C. Hitler, is the mad, musical Lord Lebanon, Helen Haye his obsessed mother who insists that "the Line must go on," Penelope Dudley Ward the secretary-niece who is scheduled to be the means to that end, and Patrick Barr the clean-living young architect with whom she falls in love. By now the story has a pedigree of presentations almost as long as the Lebanons themselves, but the thrills and Wallace-tailored surprise ending are there for those to whom it is not all already familiar. The film, which George Campbell reviews on this page, is at the New Gallery

Evacuee Saves Scientist

George Cole, Detective Discovery of "Cottage To Let"

"Hasn't anyone told you about God?"
"Sure; he helps them wot helps 'emselves"

Reviewing *Cottage To Let*, Herbert Farjeon said (*Bystander*, August 14th): "Master Cole, the boy evacuee, is the discovery of the company, and his the hit." Playing at the age of fourteen his first part on any stage, though he was understudy to the young waiter in *White Horse Inn* without getting a chance to play the part, George Cole certainly proves himself an admirable natural actor without any of that self-conscious precocity usually to be feared from performers of his age. Precocious he certainly is, both in himself and in his part, where he must combine Cockney impertinence and Cockney shrewdness to unveil the spying machinations of Alastair Sim as Charles Dimble, but it is an unstudied and unmannered precocity with no offence i' the world in it. Born at Morden, where his father worked for the local council, George Cole has always nursed an ambition to go on the stage, although he has no family connection with the theatre. He first showed his talent as a singer of comic songs with a high local reputation when he was at school, and achieved his present important part at an audition

Ronald Mittsby, evacuee detective

Photographs by Anthony

"Put that chocolate back at once"
"I can't put it back now"

"How did you know I telephoned?"
"I didn't know, but I know now"

Women in Parliament

Two Tories and a Liberal

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Distinguished Daughter of a Famous Father, Miss Megan Lloyd George, M.P. for Anglesey

Megan Lloyd George Looks Over the Thames from Her Office Balcony

Liberal for Anglesey

Among the fathers and sons, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives who have sat together in the House of Commons, Megan Lloyd George provides the only example of a daughter being her father's Parliamentary colleague. Like her father, the Prime Minister who led this country to victory in the last war and still sits as "Father of the House" to keep a watchful eye on the prosecution of this one, Miss Lloyd George is an able Parliamentarian and is playing an active part in the House's wartime activities. She is Chairman of the women M.P.s' Advisory Committee on Salvage, and as Vice-President of the Liberal Party Organisation is a leader of the party in whose interest she has represented the Island of Anglesey continuously since 1929, entering Parliament at the same age as did her father and her brother, Major Gwilym Lloyd George. Enmeshed though she is in these political activities, she finds time to emulate her father also in keenness for gardening, and is a golfer and tennis player

Conservative for Frome

Mavis Tate is something of a stormy petrel in the House. She does not believe in tactfully glossing over scandals that from time to time blow up, and has, although a staunch Conservative, flown many times in the face of orthodox Conservative discretion. A cousin of Lord Hailsham, she started her political career by working with him in Marylebone, and first entered Parliament herself as Member for West Willesden in 1931. She concerns herself with a wide range of questions, from Captain Cunningham-Reid, about whose absence from England she recently raised a question, to Agriculture. Her principal contribution, though, has been her outspoken criticism of our backwardness in the air. A qualified pilot herself, she is one of the select band of Members who can claim to have foreseen long before the Government the vital importance to the country of a strong air arm. Civil aviation, too, has received her attention, and in 1934 she travelled twelve thousand miles over American air routes studying the efficiency of American commercial aviation

Conservative for Wallsend

Irene Ward, C.B.E., acting Chairman of the important Woman Power Committee and a Vice-Chairman of the Salvage Committee, is another Conservative who entered Parliament in the landslide National Government election of 1931. Widely travelled, she has lectured all over Europe for the British Council on the British Constitution and did an American tour in 1936, speaking on the question now being answered by the R.A.F., "Can British Democracy outlive European Dictatorship?" Now she is championing the right of women to have a say in the direction of the war "in view of the fact that they are so vitally affected by and concerned with its successful prosecution." A North-countrywoman, Miss Ward stood twice for Morpeth before winning her seat at Wallsend-on-Tyne

Champion of Domestic Life, Mrs. H. B. Tate, M.P. for Frome

Leader of Women at War, Miss Irene Ward, C.B.E., M.P. for Wallsend

In the third act, Swanilda and Franz (Mary Honer and Robert Helpmann) dance a long and brilliantly

The revival of *Coppelia* at Sadler's Wells with the third act added, and new dresses and scenery, has been
and the divertissement of the last act gives them all they want—pas de deux, solos, and a tremendous final
movement. The new decor is one of the best things William Chappell has done; it was his last big job for
Honer, excellent in a part in which her talent as a demi-caractère dancer, her strong, clean technique, and her
Newman has improved his Dr. Coppelius, which has always been good. And the new Franz is Robert Helpm
that the audience becomes genuinely interested in his adventure with Coppelia and the old magician. Last week
as the Italian farmer in "Barabau." Ninette de Valois' ballet to Rieti's words and music, with decor and dresses by

"Coppelia"

Some Studies of Mary Honer as the Peasant Girl Swanilda Who Impersonates a Doll, Her Supposed Rival in Love

Photographs by Anthony

Two charming pieces of virtuosity for the dancer who plays Swanilda come in the second act when she impersonates the doll Coppelia. Decked in a black lace shawl and holding a fan she whirls through a few Spanish-style steps, then, throwing a tartan sash over her shoulder, she dances a quick, neat-footed jig

...stained pas de deux together, followed by variations for each of them, to celebrate their marriage

... of the year's successes. Ballet fans like to see plenty of dancing, ... which the whole company fills the stage with a kaleidoscope of ... ballet before he went into the Army. The new Swanilda is Mary ...ety and infectious enjoyment of her role are at their best. Claude ..., who succeeds in making Swanilda's lover such a live young man ...lpmann added another character study to his Sadler's Wells repertoire ...ward Burra, first given at the Wells in 1936, was revived on Thursday

Like many another legendary toy-maker, old Dr. Coppelius (Claude Newman) has a favourite creation in his shop—his doll Coppelia, whom he longs to bring to life. But when he makes his great experiment it is the girl Swanilda over whom he says his incantations. She has discovered that the beautiful Coppelia is only a doll and so no dangerous rival in her sweetheart Franz's affections, and plays a trick on the old magician by impersonating his lifeless darling. She blinks her eyes, stiffly moves her arms and legs, sags in the old man's nervous grasp, then dances round his shop with such mischief and vivacity that he is alarmed at the unexpected success of his spells

***Pause** for refreshment of the Scottie diversifies the planting out of greens*

***Dictation** of Leslie Banks' mail is taken by his youngest daughter, Evangeline*

Leslie Banks and Daughters

An Actor's Family Digs for Victory

"A classical scholar of Keble" might well be the first line of a limerick. It is actually the first line in the career of Leslie Banks, actor, producer and Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts. He went up to Oxford from Trinity College, Glenalmond, and on coming down joined F. R. Benson's touring company. Before appearing in London he went to Canada and the United States, and his first metropolitan stage appearance was actually in New York. He is now starring in *Cottage To Let*, Geoffrey Kerr's amusing spy play at Wyndham's, where a suggestion that the play is "stolen" from him by the boy discovery, George Cole (see page 269), is rebutted by A. G. Macdonell (*Bystander*, August 21st): "Feeling slightly sceptical that anyone could steal a play from Mr. Leslie Banks, I went to see for myself, and, of course, the whole thing is nonsense. Mr. Banks, as ever, is delightful and dominating." These pictures were taken at his Oxford home, where he and his three daughters, one of them a member of the Women's Land Army, have prepared against all eventualities by turning much of the grounds into a flourishing vegetable garden

***Onions** are part of the home-grown food supervised by land-girl Virginia Banks*

***Painting,** one of her father's hobbies, is expertly practised by Daphne Banks*

Old Bill and Co. : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Well, yer follers this road till yer comes to an 'ole, where there used to be a signpost. Then bear left till yer sees a post with only 'oles where the arms was. Take the road facin' the biggest 'ole"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Lapsed Quaker

By V. S. Pritchett

No two persons could have resembled each other less than Roger Fry and John Buchan, one a Quaker art critic who wished he were a French Mediterranean pagan, the other a Scottish lawyer who seems to have tried hard to be an Englishman, and who actually succeeded better than many English public figures in being a citizen of the British Empire. Few Englishmen, few Southern Englishmen, anyway, understand the New World; all Scotsmen understand it perfectly. John Buchan understood it; Roger Fry, tied for some years to the gross æsthetic whims of Pierpont Morgan, hardly understood America at all.

I doubt if those who read John Buchan's autobiography, *Memory Hold-the-Door* (Hodder and Stoughton; 12*s.* 6*d.*), and consider that correct, thin-lipped, lean, pawky, already half-Yankee face, will be the same people who read Mrs. Virginia Woolf's *Life of Roger Fry* (Hogarth Press; 12*s.* 6*d.*), who gazes out of his portraits like some child-like, brainy and distracted monk. Buchan, who as a Tory, liked the governing class, did not much care for Whiggish Bloomsbury, and stepped back displeased and misunderstanding from the post-war intelligentsia. But he regarded Mrs. Woolf as the greatest of contemporary literary critics. And, given the difficulty of writing about a recently dead friend, a task which involves avoiding offence to friends of friends and suppressing so much of the scandal which is the making of literature and conversation, she has succeeded in bringing a good deal of Roger Fry's life to the page. The great personalities are elusive in print unless, like Dr. Johnson, they are great bullies; and though Fry held a position in the world of art which has been equalled before only by Ruskin—the fight for Turner is an exact parallel of the fight for Cézanne and the post-Impressionists—he was essentially a private and not a public figure. That makes the biographer's task more interesting, but also more delicate; when successful, enchanting.

When the history of Bloomsbury comes to be written, the malicious historian will note with relish how many of its most eminent figures were lapsed Quakers. The advantage of the discarded Quaker faith to Roger Fry was that its training drove him tirelessly on the "search for truth" and created that open mind which was the delight of his friends. The repressed have, moreover, another advantage of the free: they are born old and grow younger as, with the years, they cast off their repressions. This was Fry's case. He wrote: "The great difference I find between myself and these people"—the English upper classes with their invincible Philistinism—"is that I have curiosity and they have not. I want to have new experiences. I want to go out into the tremendous unknown universe outside one."

There was no one, Mrs. Woolf says, to whom Roger Fry would not listen in the hope that some new spark of "truth" might be struck; there was nothing he was not prepared to try. Undoubtedly his immense gift for sympathy made him as a critic. It also led to changes of mind, great restlessness, and an endearing gullibility. Every new fact meant a chance for a new theory. His bad health

***Mother** of Hans Litten, the lawyer who once cross-examined Hitler in the days when the Storm Troops were murdering their way to power, and who was, in consequence, tortured and murdered in Dachau, Frau Irmgard Litten has never ceased to fight the Nazis. In London now she is threatened over the telephone by agents of the Gestapo, who somehow manage to exist in the heart of Britain. But no threats can deter her from continuing to broadcast in German the truth to her countrymen. In addition she has produced a book, "A Mother Fights Hitler" (Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.), in which she tells of her son's brave fight and her own subsequent incredible audacity in dealing with the Gestapo on his behalf*

in old age, for example, led him enthusiastically to esoteric cures. Was it indigestion? Possibly—but how exciting!—it might be cancer:

"'One has to see lots of doctors and draw one's own conclusions.'" When the orthodox failed, he had recourse to quacks. Drops of blood were submitted to a man with a black box and a pointer. Next, a gentleman with an instrument that "worked as a kind of wireless receiver of telepathic vibrations" was consulted.

There was a secret remedy in a tube discovered outside the Gare de Lyons. An Italian doctor asked nervously: "What does it cure?"

"Tutto," said Roger without flinching.

"È troppo," replied the doctor.

Mr. Buchan's is the story of a man's mind as well as of phases of his life, a very honest, restrained book which sets out the limits of his tastes and his temperament—without condemning what lies outside them. Except the post-war generation. Frustrated himself by the Great War and practically too old for it, John Buchan was without sympathy for those who had to find themselves after it. Buchan seems to have professed a kind of Baldwinism, and, to-day, one can only regard Baldwinism as one of the great tragic ineptitudes of English history, spiritually and politically. At least, Bloomsbury was not in that political nursing home. Mr. Buchan was the visitor to England, the man on the edge of parties, a liberal in the Tory camp, the pessimistic lawyer at the post-war feast. His portraits and the story of his Scottish childhood are the best things in the book—Raymond Asquith, F. E. Smith, Ramsay MacDonald, T. E. Lawrence are well analysed. Here he has the advantage of the novelist. He has a good many cautious but interesting remarks about freedom and democracy, and especially he should be read for his remarks on the American character. If the rather frigid air of the Scottish manse is in this book, it has its ripeness and some dash of colour and humour. After all, he says, the Sunday readings of Bunyan's Holy War, when other literature was forbidden, first aroused his interest in military operations! And Calvinism was not necessarily grim. It took a couple of generations for the prim English to learn the wisdom of his militant grandmother, who used to say: "Never daunton youth," and whose favourite adage was: "Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged."

"Beneath the Visiting Moon," by Romilly Cavan (Heinemann; 9*s.* 6*d.*), is a woman's novel about two nice families and a broken heart. I doubt it any of the few men who read novels could persist very far with the niceties of this book. It is about a young girl's first and hopeless love for a distinguished politician many years older than herself, of the happiness and misery of this illusion. She is one of the children of a widow who marries again. And the second family provides the girl with grown-up step-brothers and sisters who set firmly about destroying the first family's nursery gods. I say nursery advisedly. Above a certain income-level the young never seem to grow out of the nursery. There is a lot of shopping in this book, preparing for parties and dances; it tells you what people wear. There is a lady with heavy-lidded aristocratic eyes, and there is the smart "We-shall-have-to-sell-the-house-because-of-Christopher's-education" note, that air of "We shall never, never go to Moscow," which is creeping into English fiction. Miss Cavan is very competent indeed in her line. My own interest in it was sociological, and therefore unfair. Actually, the war is about to begin when the last dance is on, so they probably got a very good price for the house and could go on being terribly nice.

Novels recommended: *The Twenty-fifth Hour*. By Herbert Best. (Cape; 8*s.*)

The Room Within. By Richard Church. (Dent; 9*s.*)

Priest Island. By Elgrant Watson. (Cresset Press; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Peeling potatoes *in the sunshine are Miss Rosemary Bray, Mrs. Randall Monier-Williams, whose father-in-law is a well-known London doctor, and Mrs. Freddie Weaver. Carrying along a sack of fresh ammunition for them is Mr. Audry; he and his wife are the canteen's caretakers*

Hanging bath towels *on the line are Mrs. Audry, caretaker, and Mrs. T. P. Mills, a voluntary worker. The central Woking canteen has six bathrooms; bath, plus towel and soap, costs 6d., towel and soap returnable when the bather reclaims his hat, deposited on taking a bath ticket*

Are You Being Served?

The "Bystander" Goes Round the Canteens

No. 30. The Woking and District Y.M.C.A. Canteens

Woking is a hive of canteen activity. From the permanent Y.M.C.A. centre, St. John's, under the secretaryship of Mr. Harry Smith, it has grown into an organisation of eight canteens, five mobile canteens, and 1482 helpers. St. John's, the centre and headquarters, is one of the most up-to-date and well-equipped of the new buildings visited in this series. Chief among its assets are its six bathrooms. It has also a large writing-room, a full-sized billiard table in the main room (a rare canteen luxury), and a good stage on which a screen is put up for regular cinema shows. Mr. Mabson, the Y.M.C.A. representative in charge, is also representative of the Canadian Y.M.C.A. in England. President of the Women's Auxiliary Y.M.C.A. in the district is Miss Cave, and she and Mrs. Southgate run the St. John's canteen. Head of the voluntary helpers there is Mrs. L. L. Alexander

Potato-peeling *goes on in the kitchen for hours and hours. Mrs. Nash was one of the two peelers on her shift who, when they have done enough potatoes, join the counter party of three, making four to serve and one at the till, into which goes an average of £25 a day*

Dipping for lard *in the large, airy kitchen are Mrs. Murphy and Miss Maxwell-Brown. They were on the morning shift, which spends several hours preparing for the midday rush—i.e., about fifty lunches. There are ten workers on each of the three shifts, three at the gas-stoves, two at the sink, two peeling potatoes, and three at the counter until the potato-peelers join them. Each contingent stays on the same job throughout the shift*

Washing up *are Miss Pope and Mrs. Bentley. Most canteen workers try rubber gloves at first to save their hands when on sink duty, but most find speed and rubber gloves together mean broken china*

Loading a van *from the side (left) are Miss Freda Killick and Miss Rosemary Bliss. Trays of cakes are collected from the Y.M.C.A. store near Woking Station. Loading-up time is between 9 and 9.30 a.m., and the day's run, of anything up to 100 miles, ends about 6 p.m. Occasionally a van returns half-way through for replenishment of stores*

Head *of the Woking mobile canteens is A. P. F. Chapman, former cricket captain of England. He helps load the vans in the morning and drives one himself on its round. His wife also works for the Woking canteens, both mobile and stationary*

Spreading sandwiches *below is Miss Phyllis Denney. The bread has been cut by the machine on the left, which halves the work but makes sharp attacks on unwary hands*

Loading a van *from behind (below) are Miss Daphne Lloyd and Mrs. W. Frank. Woking has five mobile-canteen vans altogether, under A. P. F. Chapman's captaincy, and thirty-two helpers working on them*

Autumn Days in Town

Ready for the Colder Weather

Time spent now in planning your autumn-and-winter wardrobe carefully will be saved later in the season when you find that you have exactly the right clothes for your various occasions. An outfit that can be relied upon to do more than its share of duty is the ensemble, either a dress and long coat, or a frock and jacket like the model above. This is from the new autumn collection in the Ready-to-Wear Department on the second floor at Jay's, Regent Street. It is made in a grey wool fabric, cut with fan-pleats in the skirt, and with pockets, as popular as ever, on the jacket. The dress, which has a red belt, has buttons and pockets to match the coat. Tailor-mades in this department are from 98s. 6d., and there are attractive two-pieces for 8½ guineas

Fur prices are rising steadily, but you can still defeat these increased costs if you buy from a house that holds large stocks of skins. The City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, can still offer the Persian lamb coat on the right for 69 guineas. Tailored as skilfully as cloth, and with very little more weight, it hangs in straight, swinging lines from the wide shoulders. The sleeves are wide, and the collar can be worn up or down. For hard, everyday wear they suggest a coat in baby seal at 24 guineas, and for luxurious moments an attractive model in Canadian squirrel for 45 guineas

Surrealist at Home

Eileen Agar in Her Earl's Court Studio

"Leisure" *is represented by a draught - board, a branch of coral, and some odds and ends*

"Design for Love" *is a framed fantasy with an African lute as its chief feature, and a background of mixed montage and painting*

Hands *are a favourite surrealist "property." Miss Agar has a couple of plaster ones on her work-shelf. The white cat sitting in the sun is real*

Round the clock *hangs a medley of the artist's work. The clock itself, made from a chromium dish with the numbers punched out and lighted from behind, is one of the show pieces of the studio. Miss Agar's white cat mascot moved across to the sofa with her from the window*

Eileen Agar caught the surrealist germ in 1936, the year the first Surrealist exhibition was held in London, at the New Burlington Galleries. She, however, treats the subject rather more lightly than most initiates. She says surrealism must be founded on a sense of humour, though whether a sense of humour holds much sway in the subconscious, from which the serious artist of the school draws his inspiration, seems rather doubtful. In any case she is a confirmed picker-up of junk-shop trifles and has a considerable talent for combining irrelevant objects collected on her shopping expeditions into decorative patterns. These bring to her terra-cotta-and-blue studio an atmosphere of bright fantasy into which her white cat with its odd eyes fits perfectly. She studied art at the Slade School, began to paint on her own account in 1927, has exhibited in Japan, New York, Amsterdam and Paris

Co-operation *and the sporting spirit are urged by ten-year-old Dennis Gaunt, of Monks Road Council School, Lincoln, with his lively and realistically muddied footballers*

Humiliation *of the Reichsführer is envisaged by twelve-year-old Sylvia Asprey, of the Bilston Girls' High School. Her Hitler looks more like Charlie Chaplin even than usual*

Recollection *of Bairnsfather's Old Bill, "Bystander" star of two wars, gives the P.B.I. a look-in from the brush of Dennis Besley (fourteen), of Wimbledon Technical School. More popular subjects are tanks and aeroplanes*

Predilection *of certain people for saving, war or no war, is exploited by nine-year-old John Light, of Chaucer House School, Stoke-on-Trent*

Out of the Mouths . . .

Children Show the Way to National Saving

Children all over the country are setting their parents an example in saving for victory, and in place of the rather repulsive child whose right to be free we are asked on hoardings all over the country to defend, we might well extend to the adult world the publicity our real children are producing for their savings campaigns. A step in that direction has been taken by the National Savings Committee in holding an exhibition (opened by Lord Woolton) at Dorland Hall of posters designed by members of the 29,420 School Savings Groups in the country. These represent 93 per cent. of all schools, and artists whose work is included in the exhibition range in age from five to eighteen. That there is real and striking talent among the exhibitors is shown by the samples on these pages, a few out of more than five hundred

Exhortation *to sacrifice luxuries by Daphne Dennis (thirteen), of Luton Girls' High School, instances a variety of objects, from books (pace Sir Hugh Walpole) to jasmine scent and "best strong tobacco"*

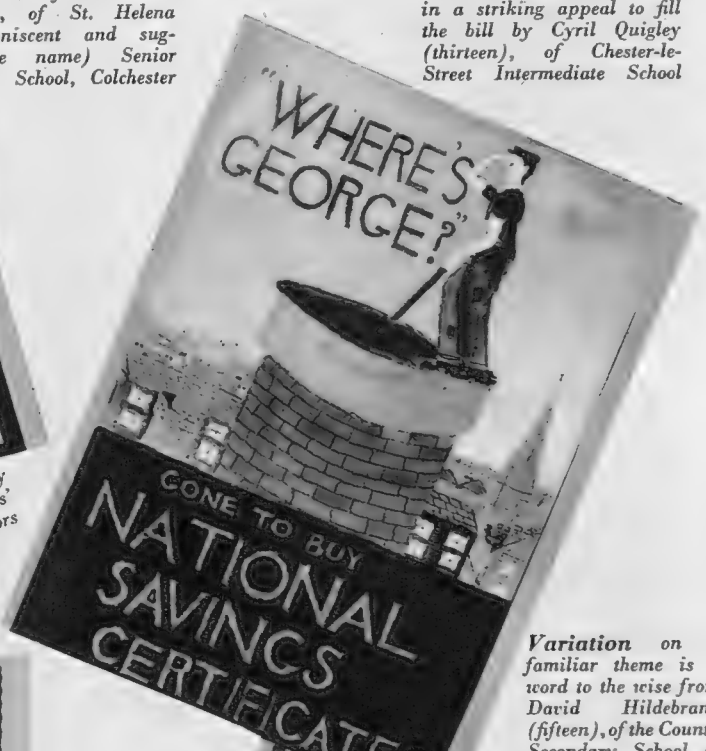
Dramatisation *of the schoolboy's dilemma by Mary Hurrell (twelve), of Newcastle Church High School, has the force and fervour of an old temperance poster in its downright renunciation of first love's toffees under the table. And the boy carries his gas-mask*

Transmogrification *of pennies into shells is dramatised by F. R. Pratt (sixteen), of Long Eaton County Secondary School*

Self-abnegation *for father is recommended by fourteen-year-old Janet Birks, of St. Helena (reminiscent and suggestive name) Senior Girls' School, Colchester*

Co-ordination *of "copy" and illustration in the best advertising poster style results in a striking appeal to fill the bill by Cyril Quigley (thirteen), of Chester-le-Street Intermediate School*

Simplification *of the whole problem is achieved by Pat Holmes, of the Northfleet Lawn Council Infants' School, who at six is one of the youngest exhibitors*



Variation *on a familiar theme is a word to the wise from David Hildebrand (fifteen), of the County Secondary School at Llandrindod Wells*

Derivation *of this neatly turned pun and briskly drawn poster is not far to seek. It is the work of seventeen-year-old S. Marshall, of the Varndean School for Boys, Brighton. The alarm and stupefaction of the youth is, in the circumstances, perhaps not altogether to his credit*

Intimation *of horrors in store if we fail to back up the magnificent work of our fighters is given by thirteen-year-old Robert Arnett, of Hemel Hempstead Senior Boys' School*

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Mr. J. E. Seymour and Miss Elizabeth Brand

Lieut. John Edward Seymour, Grenadier Guards, is the only son of Major Sir Edward and Lady Blanche Seymour, of Upper Chilland House, Martyr Worthey, Hants., and nephew of the Marquess of Conyngham. Elizabeth Norah Brand is the only child of Admiral the Hon. Sir Hubert Brand, of Rookley Manor, King's Somborne, Hants., and of the late Hon. Lady Brand, and niece of Viscount Hampden. They were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Major Davies and the Hon. Eileen Brougham

Major Thomas Davies, Grenadier Guards, is the second son of General Sir Francis and Lady Davies, of Elmley Castle, Worcs. The Hon. Eileen Brougham is the daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Henry Brougham, and the Hon. Mrs. Brougham, of 1, Hyde Park Street, W.2, and sister of Lord Brougham and Vaux. They were married at Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street

Viscount Massereene and Ferrard and Mrs. Vere-Laurie

Lord Massereene and Ferrard and Mrs. Florence Clementina Vere Vere-Laurie, of Carlton Hall, Newark, Notts., were married at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens. Her father, the late Hon. Sydney Skeffington, and Lord Massereene's father were brothers. Her first husband, Lt.-Col. G. B. Laurie, was killed in action in 1915. Lord Massereene's first wife died in 1937

Lieut.-Col. Baron de Robeck and Miss Simpson

Lieut.-Colonel John Henry Edward, Baron de Robeck, R.A., and Katherine Simpson, elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Hugh Simpson, R.A., and Mrs. Simpson, of Hutton House, Hutton-in-the-Forest, Penrith, Cumberland, were married at St. James's, Piccadilly, and are honeymooning in Ireland

(Concluded on page 286)

Comfortable quarters

The calendar still says summer. But men whose public duties call them out in the small hours, find it hard to believe. For the chilly hours before the dawn we recommend our Ulsters. They are very warm, but do not hamper activity. They are very hard-wearing. These overcoats are double-breasted, with good deep collars that bring comfort right up to the ears. Coats of this character at these prices will not be seen again this side of peace-night.

5½ to 9 GNS

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Getting Married : *(Continued)*

Noble — Hopwood

Lieut. Charles Patrick Cay Noble, R.N.V.R., son of Admiral Str Percy Noble, C.-in-C. China Station, and Lady Noble, and Margaret Anwys (Peggy) Hopwood, younger daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Ronald Hopwood, of 7, Sloane Gardens, S.W.1, were married quietly at Holy Trinity, Sloane St.

Preedy—Sutton

Capt. Kenelm Vincent Digby (Peter) Preedy, R.A., and Hazel Rowena Sutton, younger daughter of Capt. and Mrs. E. P. Foquett Sutton, of Erlegh Park, near Reading, Berks., were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenelm Preedy, of 6, Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W.7

Barclay—Parker Jervis

Captain Francis Peter Barclay, Royal Norfolk Regiment, of Kipton House, Weasenham, Norfolk, elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Barclay, and Rosemary Eleanor Parker Jervis, only daughter of the late Major E. M. Parker Jervis, and Mrs. Parker Jervis, of Farndon Hall, Chester, were married at St. Chad's, Farndon

Lieut. Michael Kenneth, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Kenneth, of Oakfield, Lochgilphead, and Pamela Maclaine, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Ronald Maclaine, of Mackeanston House, Donne, Perthshire, were married at Edinburgh

Kenneth — Maclaine

Urling Clark — Johnston

Sec.-Lieut. David Urling Clark, M.C., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Urling Clark, of Laylands, Reigate, Surrey, and Marybeth Johnston, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Johnston, of Cockshut, Reigate, were married at Reigate Parish Church

Gwynne — Cottam

Surgeon-Lieut. R. G. Gwynne, R.N.V.R., and Phyllis Betty Cottam were married at Rotherham Parish Church, Yorks. Both their parents live at Rotherham: Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Gwynne at Brecon House, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Cottam at Rotherstoke Hall

Crichton — Brachi

Sec.-Lieut. Alexander Cochrane Crichton, Irish Guards, and Joan Brachi, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Brachi, of Strathmore, Walton-on-Thames, were married at Walton-on-Thames Parish Church. He is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Brian Crichton, of Beltra, Eire

A PICTORIAL RECORD OF GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERAS

This 48-page pictorial record of the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, published by "THE SPHERE," deals comprehensively with the most popular of the famous Operas. All the new stars, as well as the established favourites, are featured in their own particular roles and MANY PAGES IN FULL COLOUR SHOWING SCENERY AND COSTUMES WILL BE OF TREMENDOUS VALUE TO THE AMATEUR COMPANY. It makes a delightful gift at any time—for your convenience there is an order form below.

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MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S

FOOD FACTS No.5

Start collecting these useful advertisements now. Pin them up in your kitchen where you can always see them.

Do you feel, as many women do, that war-time housekeeping would be easier if only you could count on getting a little special advice from a kitchen expert? Here's your chance—without trouble, without cost, without even having to leave your own home. Just switch on your radio every morning at 8.15. You'll hear the answers to your own kind of food problems.

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

HOW TO USE OLD VEGETABLES.

Garden Peas that have grown hard through lack of water or tough with age, can be made into excellent soup. Rub a small onion through a sieve and boil it for half-an-hour with your peas in enough water to cover. Then add milk or stock or both to suit your own taste. A little cornflour, carefully blended, stirred into the soup, will thicken it.

Scarlet Runners. If your beans have grown too old and tough, boil the *inner seeds* — like haricots — with a good dash of salt and pepper and, if possible, a little margarine.

HEALTH HINT.

Try mustard and cress, watercress, or even young nasturtium leaves instead of jam at tea-time. It makes a change; it's better for you; and it saves the country's sugar.

PULPING PLUMS FOR WINTER USE.

Pulping is an excellent way of preserving the plums, now so plentiful, for winter use. Pulping needs no sugar. It is a perfectly simple process: Just stew the plums thoroughly in a saucepan with a little water. When cooked, pour them into *hot*, clean bottles (or any receptacles that can be made airtight). Seal *immediately* with hot lids. If you have no lids, use two or three layers of paper brushed over with flour paste. For large quantities of plums, you may find it easiest to use a heated big crock. Either cork it or cover it with a layer of mutton fat or paraffin wax.

HOW TO SAVE BREAD.

First, you must curb your liking for fresh bread; always wait at least 24 hours before cutting a newly-baked loaf. Don't keep it in a closely-sealed tin. If you use a biscuit tin, punch a few holes in the lid. Brown bread is best wrapped in muslin and kept on a shelf.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

"Bystander" Short Story

Keep It Dark

By Martin Hawkin : *Illustration by Alex. Jardine*

Two soldiers were walking along the Fulham Palace Road, talking of this and that; in fact, of any subject but the one that then filled the Press, the wireless and the civilian mind: the war.

It was a balmy evening. The balloons had just gone up for the night vigil and rode luminously against their backcloth of pale blue, dwarfing the ghostly disc of the moon. It was a night for beer and perhaps for love.

"Jim got off with a caution; did you hear?" said one.

"Silly to charge him at all, I thought. Just like Sergeant Bean."

"Anyhow, shows they are taking it seriously. The officer commended Bean for bringing the charge. Said there wasn't enough evidence, though. Said he 'd make an example of the first proved case."

"Jim only said his brother was at Catterick, anyhow. Everyone knows there 's soldiers at Catterick."

"But Bean said he 'd heard him mention before that his brother was in the Berkshire Light Infantry, see."

"Well, if we get tight to-night, you see I keep my mouth shut and I 'll see to yours."

In the private bar of the Pitt's Head Elsie greeted them coolly. She preferred officers. She served them two beers and, while they remained at the bar, leaning forward and looking at her invitingly, she pottered busily with glasses, measures and the sink.

"Seen the picture at the Roxy?" asked one.

"Who, me?" said Elsie. "No."

There was a long pause, one soldier taking a half-smoked Woodbine out of a packet and putting it in his mouth.

"Here, have a proper cigarette," said one of two elderly ladies sitting on an upholstered bench. She felt in her bag and produced a packet of Players. The soldier took one.

"Would your friend like one?"

"Thanks."

The friend stepped forward, and when the lighting-up was done the two men found themselves anchored by politeness to the ladies' table.

"I 've got a boy in the R.A.S.C.," said one of the ladies, daintily wiping her mouth as she replaced her glass of porter on the table.

"You 're in the Essex Yeomanry, aren't you?" said her companion.

The two soldiers, newly lectured on keeping their mouths shut, looked at each other.

"Not exactly," said one.

"Your badge looks just like it. My nephew 's got a belt with fifteen badges on it, and he taught them all to me."

"What are you in then?" said the first lady.

There was a silence.

"We 're in a sort of special regiment," said one, at length.

"Yes," said the other. "It 's a sort of . . . special regiment."

"Well," said the fat lady who had offered the cigarette, "have another beer—with us. We 're not so poor yet we can't afford to buy someone a bit of beer, eh, Lucy?"

The relief of warding off the awkward subject inclined the two youths to accept. Liddell Hart or lesser tacticians could have told them it was a major error: having sustained an attack by superior forces, they should have withdrawn in good order. The pot-boy brought two glasses and too late the soldiers realised their jolly evening was compromised. They sat down at the ladies' table.

"Yes, it 's a funny war, ain't it?" said the fat lady. "Doesn't seem right, does it?"

"No."

"You stationed in London?"

"In the London area, more or less."

"Whereabouts?"

"Oh, we don't quite know."

"You don't know?"

"Not exactly."

The two hostesses exchanged glances. So did their two guests.

"It 's like this," said the more inventive soldier. "We 're from the country, see, and we only came up here yesdy, see, and we just stepped out for a drink this evening, see, and got down here."

"Oh, then you must be from the drill hall up at St. Luke's. That 's the nearest place to here. It 's all Royal Engineers up there, I was told. Is that it?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Don't you know the name of the place even?"

"No."

"What 's the name of the street?"

"We don't know."

"Is there trams running down it?"

"No."

There was another short silence while attention was given to the glasses.

"I say, Lucy, a bit awkward for them, ain't it? How are they going to get back if they don't know where it is? How are you going to get back, eh?"

"Oh, we shall be all right. Here, Fred, have you heard from your sister lately?"

But it was no good. The helpful instinct of the ladies was aroused. They returned to the attack.

"I think it 's a shame, not telling you where you are. Why, you might wander for hours if you don't know the place. Wait a bit—I know—was it Beyside School, a big red-brick building up a side road off the Broadway?"

"No, it wasn't," said Fred, with some asperity. His annoyance was mistaken for that of a lost soldier in a strange city.

"Joe," called the fat lady, and the barman leant forward. "These two soldiers is lost, stationed somewhere round here, but don't recollect where. Can you think of anywhere?"

"Why, Beyside School, where the Middlesex are, I should think."

"No, it ain't that."

"Must be the drill 'all, then."

"No, it ain't, nor the old chapel at Berman's Corner, neither."

Joe scratched his head. Several people had turned and were looking at the discomfited would-be revellers, and a small man with a fierce moustache had come up to the table and was watching with interest.

"Too late the soldiers realised their jolly evening was compromised"

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"Tell 'em, for Gawd's sake!" said one soldier in a low voice.

"No," replied the other, his authority aroused (he wore a single stripe). "It 's givin' information away." But he raised his voice and said: "Course, we wouldn't tell you if we did know, y' know. It 'd be givin' information away."

"Quite right, Tommy," said the small man. "Quite right. Mustn't mention troop dispositions. But the point is, you don't know. Otherwise we wouldn't be asking you. Would we?"

Everyone hastened to agree that they were not anxious for military information, but merely for the safe return of H.M. Forces to their quarters. Even Fred had not now the strength of mind to admit that they really did know their station.

So it was deadlock. The landlord was asked, Elsie was asked (and replied she knew where some Air Force officers were billeted, but preferred not to say), and in the end the fat lady, who had a car outside, insisted on running the soldiers round, "in case they saw a bit they recognised."

Thoroughly disgruntled, and resigned to superior forces, the private and the N.C.O. entered a small saloon car, while quite a crowd gathered to see them off.

"I should go to the drill 'all first," said Joe.

"No; try the old chapel," said another. "It 's nearer and you don't have to go round that bit of one-way traffic at the Broadway."

"What does a bit of one-way traffic matter in an emergency?" enquired a third.

Then the small man with the moustache stepped up importantly.

"I think I can 'elp," he said. "You definitely don't know where you 're from?"

"No."

"And you 're definitely not in the Essex Yeomanry?"

"We never said we was."

The small man called the fat lady aside, and after a short colloquy stepped into the car with her and it drove off. He kept looking round at the passengers, but said nothing. Finally they stopped outside a big, sandbagged building, and he went in.

"What 's this place?" said Fred, at length.

"Oh, it 's a special place. It 's quite all right." The lady got out of the car and then a policeman came out of the building.

"There they are," she said.

Protesting, the soldiers were taken over the threshold of the civil authority and led into the guard-room. Here the little man was standing at a counter while the station sergeant wrote laboriously in a book, finally putting down his pen and reading: "Case 52136, Suspected Fifth Columnists; statement by Horace Alfred Windrush, 53, Macbeth Villas, W.14. . . . 'On August 3rd, 1940, at 8.30 p.m., I was sitting in the private bar of the Pitt's Head, Rhodes Vale, when two men wearing British Army uniform entered. These men appeared anxious not to talk publicly, but quickly got into conversation with two women, who spoke to them of their relations in the Army. Questioned, the men were unable to say where they were stationed and/or what regiment they were in, later denying . . .'"

"'Ere, this is too bloody much!" cried Fred. "We are in the Essex Yeomanry, and we 're stationed at the drill 'all. And, what 's more, we 've got to be in by ten o'clock, and it 's that now."

"But you denied all that in the Pitt's 'Ead," said the little man.

"They certainly did," said the fat woman, nevertheless now feeling sorry she had listened to him.

"Let 's see yer A.B. 64s," said the station sergeant.

The soldiers produced their pay-books, a telephone call was put through, after which the fat lady had the grace to drive them straight to the drill hall, apologising profusely. But their platoon sergeant-major had them confined to barracks for three days.

"It 's an original excuse, all the same," he said. "I 've never 'eard it before and I 'm no chicken. Keep off the beer in future and you won't go far wrong."

But the little man was still full of importance in the Pitt's Head next evening. "I 'eard definitely that the Essex Yeomanry were in Ireland," he was saying, "and they 're not: they 're up at the drill 'all by St. Luke's. Now, I take it as meaning that the menace to Ireland is lessened, but that they expect something on the East Coast. Yes, I think we can take it that there 'll be a big attack on the East Coast before the moon wanes. . . ."

THE END.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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SIDMOUTH, S. DEVON

The BYSTANDER in Wartime

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STORIES LIKE THESE MAKE LONGER NIGHTS BRIGHTER

"HEART OF BRITISH OAK"

By PETER B. KYNE.

• • •

THE *Lancashire Maid* was in the dock at Liverpool by ten o'clock that night and Captain Hannay had young Kessler up in his quarters for a nightcap of whisky-and-soda and stated with genuine regret that in the morning they must part. "But I 'll write Hitler about you," he promised. "And I 'll write your father, too. I 'll arrange to have the British Broadcasting Corporation broadcast my letters."

"You 're a rare good sport, sir. Thank you more than I can say. What happened to that submarine ? " he asked. "I heard two muffled explosions that shook the *Lancashire Maid.*"

"Oh, we sank her with all hands, Frederich."

"How ? There was no gunfire."

"Blew her wide open with two big depth-charges rolled off the stern of a forty-mile speed-boat I purchased especially for the job in Buenos Aires. You thought I was freighting it home for somebody, I dare say."

"But—where did you get the depth-charges ? "

"The British Consul in Buenos Aires communicated with the commanding officer of the British fleet waiting off the mouth of the river for the *Graf Spee* to come out. So when we came out of the river one of our destroyers kindly gave me two large depth-charges set to explode at twenty feet. I dropped them within six feet of the submarine. She went up and she went down."

"But—how did you know you 'd have an opportunity to use them ? "

"I didn't. I just guessed. Something told me you 'd break your parole given me that you 'd be a perfect guest ; that you 'd telephone your father from Buenos Aires and he 'd make arrangements to get us." • • •

Read this story of the sea and submarines, in which an old navy man gets the better of German duplicity and deceit, in the September issue.

"THURSDAY NEXT AT TEN"

By RICHARD OLIVER.

• • •

"They had a wireless signal when they were well on their way—a ruddy spy in this country—*that 's* what happened," said the Wing Commander. "See how they altered course south when we all thought they were going for the Midlands. It was a damned spy with a radio."

Titus's great body seemed to shudder. "Not a radio, Tony—a wireless transmitting instrument."

"Anyway, it 's your job to collect spies," fired Tony.

"Steady—no need to flap," said the girl. "Does it mean that Thursday night's raid was not just a lucky shot ? "

"It does—we never thought it was luck," Titus drawled aggravatingly and impersonally. "The enemy bombers left Denmark and Germany in three formations about eight o'clock. • • •

This exciting story tells how a girl frustrates last-minute information, given over the wireless by a fifth columnist, reaching the enemy bombers.

ARTICLES:

UNCLE SAM GIRDS HIS LOINS

by C. Patrick Thompson

An informative article on the armament problems that beset the U.S.A. to-day.

ACES WITHOUT WINGS

by Stanley Jackson

Read about the ground crews of the R.A.F., their skill and craftsmanship.

COMPLETE HOME SECTION

INTERIOR DECORATION

Look around your home and give it a new feeling. Winifred Lewis in "Old Story, New Ending" shows how this can be accomplished.

COOKERY

September is a month of plenty and Harriet Muir gives you some ideas of how to deal with the bountiful produce.

FASHIONS

Jean Burnup shows that now more than ever clothes commonsense is an enviable quality.

"A TRAITOR HAS NO HOME"

By MAY MURRAY.

• • •

Sometimes she was half-frightened by his intensity. Sitting at the tables the atmosphere around him was always electric. He seemed to be chancing his fate. Often she saw that he could have passed the bank winning a small fortune. Instead he ran it once too often and lost. Something seemed always to drive him just too far. It was the same with Verna herself. The time came when she had a feeling of wanting to escape from him. He seemed never satisfied without her. It was the same at breakfast, lunch, dinner. There was nothing she could object to, except his continual presence ; an almost arrogant assumption that, for the present at least, he could live her life for her, monopolise every moment.

On the last day Verna saw Emerston she made the excuse that she wanted to go shopping, but he put his hand under her arm and led her to the car and drove her to Nice. Later she was buying a lipstick and bent over a showcase to admire one of those ridiculously extravagant pieces of expensive imitation jewellery made by Lalique or Lelong. Tom bought it and handed it to her. Verna was suddenly furiously angry. His attentions had preyed on her nerves.

"What right have you to do that ? It—it 's insufferable ! "

"But, darling, why ? " He raised his eyebrows and smiled.

"Because—well—I don't want you to do it. Surely that 's enough." She handed the ornament back to him.

"As you wish." He turned to the girl who had served him, smiling into her eyes. • • •

Read how Love made him Betray his Country and how Love made him Atone for that Betrayal.

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